

## cozy

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## cozy

by [timelimez](#)

### Summary

“I have a present for you.”

George pulled his headphones down to his neck, turning to look at Dream, who was standing in his doorway holding something behind his back.

”A present? For what?” He ran a hand through his hair, saving the program he was working on and setting his headphones down to give Dream his full attention.

“No reason. Just ‘cause I love you.” Dream smiled, stepping into George’s office.

### Notes

no thoughts only georgenotfound in oversized dream hoodie

usual disclaimers: please do not repost, don’t share with cc’s, if dream or george state they are uncomfortable with fanfic this work will be taken down. this is a work of fiction based on these cc’s personas, i am by no means associated with dream or george.

i speed ran this so there will probably be a few errors, i’ll fix them as i see them :]

twitter is timelimez, follow for updates n stuff!

enjoy <3

“I have a present for you.”

George pulled his headphones down to his neck, turning to look at Dream, who was standing in his doorway holding something behind his back.

”A present? For what?” He ran a hand through his hair, saving the program he was working on and setting his headphones down to give Dream his full attention.

“No reason. Just ‘cause I love you.” Dream smiled, stepping into George’s office.

George smiled sheepishly. “Well, can I at least see what it is?” He asked.

Smug grin spreading onto Dream’s face, he finally revealed what he was holding.

It was a black hoodie, George picked up right away. The second thing he gathered was that it was one of Dream’s merch hoodies. And then he realized one last thing: the hoodie was *huge*.

Dream was still smiling, looking very proud of himself. “Since, y’know, I can’t always cuddle with you when you’re napping. I thought this would be a good substitute for me.”

George’s face flushed. “You’re such an idiot,” He told him, snatching the hoodie up and holding it to his chest.

Dream laughed, reaching down to ruffle George’s hair fondly. “Yeah, whatever. You get back to your coding.” He leaned down to give George a quick kiss before leaving him in his office.

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The hoodie, George quickly came to find, was extremely comfortable. He’d slipped it on in the morning when he was feeling a little chilly, and immediately warmth spread through his chest.

Later that afternoon, after George had gotten some more work done, he’d gotten all comfy on the couch in his office to take a nap. His new hoodie was so soft and cozy, and as cheesy as it sounded, it really did feel like a hug from Dream. He closed his eyes, snuggling up in the hoodie before drifting off to sleep.

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When Dream stepped into George’s office to offer him a snack, he wasn’t expecting to find George asleep, and he especially wasn’t expecting George to already be wearing his new hoodie.

The sight made his heart swell in his chest. George was a peaceful sleeper, looking happy and calm with his face squished against a pillow, the hoodie swallowing his thin frame.

He just looked so cute, Dream couldn’t help himself from stepping over and scooping George up in his arms, pressing a kiss to his forehead as he settled on the couch with George in his lap.

George stirred, loosely wrapping his arms around Dream and getting comfy again, resting his head on Dream’s shoulder. “Mm, you woke me up,” He mumbled.

"I know, I'm sorry. You just looked so cute." Dream said softly, hugging George closer. Though he grumbled some kind of complaint, George snuggled up closer, pressing a lazy kiss to the side of Dream's neck as he closed his eyes once more.

They both ended up taking a little nap together, all snuggled up on the couch.

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George wore the hoodie *all the time*. Every morning when he got out of bed, he'd pull it on. If he hadn't slept in it, that was.

Dream was loving every second of it. He teased George about being short all the time, but wearing such a big hoodie made him seem even smaller.

The best part was that when George washed the hoodie for the first time, he'd marched right into Dream's office once it was dry.

"Can you wear it for a bit?" He'd asked, offering the hoodie to Dream.

Grinning, Dream had taken it and pulled it over his head. "What, you want it to smell like me?" He'd teased.

George only stared at him. Confused, Dream had looked down at himself, only to realize that George was just staring at the hoodie.

It was still a little big on Dream, but it fit him much better than it fit George. Just a reminder of the relative size difference between them.

Dream laughed as he realized, turning in his chair and holding his arms out for George.

George scoffed. "You're just, like, weirdly tall." He'd said, crawling into Dream's lap anyway.

"You're just small," Dream had said, wrapping his warm arms around George's thin waist.

"Shut up." He huffed, burying his face in the crook of Dream's neck. Dream kissed the side of his head.

"You *are* tiny, George. It's okay, it's cute." He'd smiled, squeezing his hip.

"Whatever." George had mumbled, settling down and opting to doze off on his boyfriend's lap while he got some work done.

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After a couple hours, Dream had asked George to get up so that he could finish editing the video he was working on. George had pouted, trying his best to be cute so that Dream would let him stay, but to no avail.

"It'll just take a couple hours, George," Dream assured him. "And then I'll be right with you. You can have this now, too." He'd pulled the hoodie off, offering it to George.

Still sulking, George snatched the hoodie up and received a quick kiss before he headed into their bedroom.

As soon as he was alone, he tugged his t-shirt off, pulling the hoodie on by itself. It was still warm from Dream's body, and as he buried his face in it, he found that it smelled just like him, too.

Flopping back onto their bed, George inhaled the scent of the hoodie deeply. Biting his lip, he reached a hand down to fondle himself over his sweatpants.

Dream would be busy for a few hours, so he had plenty of time for himself, right?

Whimpering softly, George gave his cock a little squeeze. They'd both been busy over the past week and hadn't really had any time to be intimate together, and George was getting a little pent up.

He slipped his hand into his boxers to stroke his cock slowly. He missed the feeling of Dream's big hands on him, Dream's long fingers in him, Dream taking care of him.

He scrambled to get his pants and boxers off. Just a hand wouldn't be enough.

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Dream had only been editing for around another hour when he heard something coming from the bedroom. Frowning, he took his headphones off to try and decipher what he was hearing. It almost sounded like... crying?

Was George *crying*?

Troubled, Dream saved his work before getting up to head over to check on George.

He knocked softly on the bedroom door before opening it. The sight he was greeted with wasn't what he was expecting at all.

George *was* crying, but not because he was sad. He was spread out in the middle of their bed, only clad in the oversized hoodie. One hand was bringing the fabric of the hoodie up to his face, inhaling deeply, while the other hand was three fingers deep in his ass. His eyes were screwed shut, tears sipping down his pretty cheeks, legs spread wide to give himself a good angle as he fingered himself. He was absolutely drowning in the fabric of the hoodie.

He evidently hadn't noticed that Dream had entered the room, because he moved his free sweater-pawed hand down to stroke his aching cock, the friction from the fabric probably hurting in just the way he liked, based on the breathless whine he let out.

"George?"

George's eyes snapped open, the movement of both of his hands stopping.

"*Dream!*" He exclaimed, face flushing bright red, hurrying to pull his fingers out of himself and trying to cover himself up with the big hoodie. "I, uh, I thought you were working?"

"I was," Dream started, approaching the bed, "But I thought I heard you crying so I wanted to come up and check on you." He sat down on the edge of the bed as George squirmed.

"Sorry, I... I didn't think I was being that loud," George ducked his head, face burning with embarrassment.

"No, it's okay. If you needed me like *this* George, you could have just told me." He said softly. George snapped his head up to the generous sight of Dream pulling his own shirt off.

"You look so pretty, George. Needed a hoodie that smelled like me to get off, didn't you?" Dream cooed, spreading George's legs apart and kneeling between them.

George nodded, sniffing as he wiped his lube covered fingers on the sheets. "I need you," He breathed out.

"I got you, baby," Dream assured him. "You look so small in this hoodie. So cute." He praised.

Although George would have usually protested that comment, he keened, wrapping his arms around Dream's neck and whimpering. "I wanna keep the hoodie on," He said breathlessly. "Feels cozy. Smells like you."

Dream chuckled, reaching down to wrap his hand around George's cock. "You have the real thing right here, babe," He teased. "You can keep it on, though. You don't have to ask me for that."

George moaned softly, burying his face in Dream's shoulder. "God, fuck me, please Dream," He panted.

"Did you get yourself stretched out enough?" Dream asked, pulling back a little to palm himself over his jeans.

"I did, I did, I was imagining you coming in and taking care of me," He admitted, face bright red.

"Turn over for me, then. Get nice and comfy."

Eager to please, George rolled over to lay on his stomach, stuffing a pillow under his hips to give Dream easier access to his entrance.

"Please, Dream, hurry," He sniffled, humping the pillow desperately and pulling the hoodie up to his face again.

"Be patient." Dream tutted, finally getting his own pants and boxers off before reaching for the lube.

After slicking up his cock, he settled between George's legs, gripping his hip and pulling him up a little.

"Here you go, sweetheart," Dream breathed, slowly pressing the thick head of his cock into George's hole.

George cried softly. This was exactly what he needed.

"Move," He said hoarsely, taking another deep inhale of the hoodie.

Not needing to be told twice, Dream started slowly rocking his hips. "You're so fucking cute," He groaned. "So good for me, pup."

George whined at the nickname. "Please,"

"Please what, baby? Tell me what you need," Dream gripped George's hip tighter, hiking up the fabric of his hoodie.

"I - tell me I'm small," He got out, face burning with shame.

"Fuck," Dream breathed out. "You like being smaller than me, huh? Like me being able to pick you up and take control?"

George nodded vigorously, tears slipping out of his eyes. "I do!"

"Such a good boy," Dream praised. "My sweet pup. You like how small the hoodie makes you feel, too, don't you?"

George whimpered. "Please, let me - let me see you,"

Dream easily gripped both of George's hips, pulling out to switch their positions.

"I want you to ride me, baby. Can you do that?" Dream asked, helping George settle on his lap as he sat back against the pillows.

Nodding meekly, George leaned against Dream's chest, balling up the extra fabric of his sweater paws in his fists.

"There's my good boy." George whined as he received a kiss on the forehead before starting to rock his hips.

"Look at you, you look so pretty, George. All bundled up and full of my cock." Dream let his big hands run down to hold George's hips, helping lift him up just a little before dropping him.

George cried, rubbing his eyes with the sleeves of the hoodie. He carefully started to bounce on Dream's thick cock, supporting himself with his hands on his boyfriend's broad shoulders. From this angle, Dream seemed even bigger than him than before.

He threw his head back as the head of Dream's cock brushed past his prostate, letting out a desperate moan. "Ah! Dream!" He cried out, thighs trembling with effort.

"You need me to help you, pup? Is my poor baby too tired to keep going?"

George let out a sob as he collapsed against Dream's chest, nodding. "It - it feels too good," He sniffled.

"Oh, honey," Dream chuckled softly, big hands gripping George's hips tighter as he started to move him up and down on his cock.

It wasn't like Dream was a particularly buff dude. He worked out sometimes, sure, but he wasn't ripped or anything. Maybe he just seemed so strong because George was practically a stick compared to him.

"Good boy," Dream praised as George wrapped his arms around him, crying into the crook of his neck. "You gunna come for me, pup? Gunna make a mess of your favorite hoodie?"

George nodded desperately as Dream reached a hand down to stroke his neglected cock, opting to grind his hips up against George's prostate.

George wailed as he came, making a mess all over the front of his hoodie. He clenched down desperately around Dream's cock, tears pouring down his cheeks.

"Such a good boy, so good for me," Dream praised, working him through it before abruptly pulling George off of his cock and manhandling him to his hands and knees.

"You can still be good for me, can't you, pup?" He asked, admiring George's abused, fucked out hole.

George nodded, dropping down to his elbows and arching his back. "Wanna be good," He rasped.

"Good boy." And with that, Dream roughly stuffed his cock back up George's hole.

George sobbed, burying his face in the softness of his hoodie again.

"Fuck, color, George?"

"Green," He breathed out. "Please fuck me,"

Dream gripped George's hips tightly before starting a ruthless pace, pounding his boyfriend roughly into the mattress.

George cried, Dream's cock hitting his oversensitive prostate with each thrust. It felt so painfully good, he could barely take it.

"Fuck," Dream grunted, not letting up his pace as he snaked a warm hand under George's big hoodie to rest on his bare stomach, feeling a bulge appear and reappear as he thrust. "You feel that, pup?" George nodded tearfully, resting his own smaller hand over Dream's. "You're so small you can barely handle my cock, baby."

George whined high in his throat. "You're - you're so big," He wailed. "So full! Ah!"

Dream groaned, snapping his hips ruthlessly. "Fuck, I'm gunna come, pup. You think you can come again, too?"

"Wanna come for you again, feels so good," He moaned, reached down a hand to stroke his dripping cock with a sweater paw. It hurt so bad, the fabric against the raw skin, he was so far past overstimulated, but he couldn't stop.

"Gunna fill you up, baby, bet you're not gunna be able to walk for a day after this," Dream grunted, fucking him impossibly harder. "C'mon, show me how good you feel. How much you love being filled up and fucked."

A sob ripped from George's throat as he started to come again, cock twitching weakly as he spilled all over the sleeve of his hoodie.

Thankfully, Dream was only a second behind him, gripping George's hips so tight there would undoubtedly be bruises as he emptied his load into George's spent hole.

George barely registered that Dream had pulled out, he was still crying and completely out of it.

When Dream asked him to lift his arms up so he could remove the messy hoodie, he refused, not wanting to give up the warmth and comfort.

"I'll get you one of mine, honey, this one's all dirty," Dream told him, voice incredibly soft as he brushed some of George's sweaty hair off of his forehead.

George reluctantly lifted his arms to let Dream pull the hoodie off. As soon as it was gone, George felt more tears slip down his cheeks.

"Oh, *baby*, it's okay," Dream cooed, kissing the top of George's head. "Let me clean you up first, okay? It's okay, honey." George had just sniffled, curling up on the bed.

"C'mere," Dream said softly, having returned from the bathroom with a warm washcloth. George registered his stomach and ass being gently wiped down, the sticky and uncomfortable feeling gone.

When Dream returned again, he had one of his own hoodies, one that George recognized as being

some shade of purple he couldn't quite see. He also had some painkillers and a water bottle.

Dream helped him get the hoodie on before crawling into bed with him, gathering George up in his arms.

"Here, can you drink some water for me?" Dream asked gently, helping George sit up a little more before offering him the water bottle.

George eagerly downed half the bottle, taking the painkillers Dream offered too, before handing the water bottle back to Dream and slumping against his chest.

"How was that? You feeling okay?" Dream murmured, setting the water aside and rubbing George's back soothingly.

"Mm, it was good," George mumbled, eyes falling shut.

"Good." Dream smiled, kissing the top of his head. "We'll take a shower after your nap, okay?" He earned a small hum in confirmation.

"Did I ruin the hoodie?" George asked softly.

"Eh, it'll be okay after a couple of washes. I'll get you some more, anyway. And you can always borrow mine."

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